

## Rude Boii by prettyboiiharringrove

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**Summary:**

anonymous — People questioning Steve why he chose such a rude and rebellious omega like Billy instead of a of having what they think is a proper omega.

## Rude Boii

Billy hates being mated to Steve Harrington. Okay, so that's a bit of an exaggeration, he adores his stupid boyfriend, loves every goddamn inch of him, loves him down to every fucking eyelash, can't get enough of him, but it's still annoying.

See, Billy never really cared about what people had to say before, you either loved him or you hated him, and that's just how the world worked. People that didn't like him were either assholes he didn't like to focus on, or just some jealous brats, and honestly who is he to judge them for being envious? He's seen himself, he'd be jealous too. That he can handle, but what he really doesn't need are all the lingering eyes reminding him what he already knows: *you will never be good enough for Steve Harrington.*

The thing that bothers him about being with Steve is that now he has more to care about than a tight ass, firm muscles, and survival. Now he has to care about shit like Steve's favorite foods, the hair products he uses, what size shirt he wears, and trying to be a semi decent person who is at least worthy of like 3% of his love. It's really fucking hard.

What he really hates are the few bold people Steve won't let him slaughter. Apparently, casual murder is like frowned upon in small town Hawkins or some bullshit, which totally makes no sense because small towns are known for weird shit, like how that Byers kid was dead and then he just *wasn't*, or how that Barbara girl had like a cut on her hand and then was *never* seen again, or like how that chick his shitty step sister hangs out with can just move shit with her mind and *no one* talks about it; yeah, no, all that's cool or whatever but Billy isn't allowed to murder someone for trying to convince the love of his fucking life to leave him, like he hasn't been abandoned or shit on enough.

"I just, I don't get it Steve," one girl says as her eyes rake over Billy, silently telling him to learn his place as his muscles ripple and he balls his fists, every inch of him trembling with unbridled rage. "I mean, you could have anyone, and you choose him ?? Some washed up beach babe with an ego as big as those hideous muscles ?? What

kind of omega even is he??"

Billy remembers back in high school when girls like her would drool over those muscles, when they would beg at a chance to squeeze them, to let him scoop them up, to prove that he could bench press double their weight, but now that they all know what's between his fucking legs that somehow changes things.

Neil has always told him he's a disgrace, but people that used to not only be his friends but also fucking idolize him now turning their nose up at him is fucking painful. All because he has a tendency to shoot off at the mouth and a body that isn't meant to be used and abused. He wonders if things would be different if they knew why he has all those goddamn muscles. They still probably wouldn't care, would commend Neil for doing his best despite having such a troubled son. That burns under his skin like acid.

Billy doesn't get a chance to hear Steve defending him often. Sure he knows that he does, knows that Steve is ridiculously loyal and also is super sensitive about people insulting his interests, as if the beloved King Steve would ever have bad taste — he does, by the way if anyone asks, in liquor, food, and clothes, and if Billy were being honest with himself, boyfriends too. It's a good thing he's so selfish, or he'd have let Steve go by now. Billy knows Steve defends him for everything it's worth, has even seen his poor little alpha come home with a bruise on his jaw from a fight that should have been Billy's, and he appreciates it; hell he'd given him a blowjob about two seconds after he had handed Steve a frozen steak to hold against his skin 'so that pretty face of yours doesn't get all puffy', but it's another thing to see it happening. See, Harrington may not be much of a fighter, losing most of the fights Billy has seen him get in — except for this one where Billy was so turned on from watching it that he fucked Steve so hard and so long that he was convinced he was pregnant when all was said and done — but he has a wicked tongue that constantly proves just why he was at the top of the totem pole for so long.

Billy grabs a drink from the counter to distract himself, has to use every ounce of concentration he can muster to keep himself from crushing the red solo cup as this bitch continues to talk to his boyfriend like their relationship is anyone's business but their own.

He doesn't hear much else of what she says after that, but he does hear Steve. He hears what he has to say because he's surprised; normally Steve will just tell someone to fuck off and then drag Billy to find Nancy if he's pissed off enough, or Tommy if he's trying to make Billy feel better. He's not sure what persuades him to say something this time, but Billy listens with intent.

"Sandra, listen your jealousy, it's almost cute, *almost*, but I think it's time you really stopped beating yourself up for this, I mean you didn't turn him gay. How could the sex be that life changing if he can barely remember it ?? Seriously, *sweetheart*, I think you should stop being so bitter about the situation," Billy chooses the wrong moment to take a sip because he starts choking on his drink and spluttering, spits a good bit of it onto the girl in front of them. Billy knew she looked familiar, but now he knows why and he can't stop laughing.

"You know what *Steve Harrington*, you're right. I misjudged you," she snarls, trying to seem dignified even as Steve smirks at her with a raised eyebrow and Billy clutches his stomach and has to hold onto Steve to keep from falling to the ground, he's laughing so hard. "You two deserve each other."

She scowls at them and wipes at her blouse dramatically although it does nothing to clean up the spit or bright blue cocktail — it looks more like cleaning fluid than anything a bunch of broke college kids should even attempt digesting.

"Hey, send me your dry-cleaning bill," Billy calls after her when he finally catches his breath, refuses to look at Steve for a few moments, knowing it'll just get him going again. It doesn't help that the girl huffs and flips him the bird as she walks away; he can't stop laughing to save his life.

"You'd really pay to have that thing cleaned for her? I think you did her a favor," Billy shrugs, doesn't say Steve's worn way worse with his preppy bullshit, nor does he forget his freshmen year; most people experiment in college, but Steve already knew he was bisexual, into omegas, and completely and utterly in love with Billy by the time he joined him in college, that all Steve had left to mess around with were some very alarming fashion adventures. He wouldn't dare insult him after he oh so heroically defended his honor. Steve smiles, wraps

his arm around Billy's waist, and Billy's too giddy to be disgusted by the combined scent of burritos and cheap liquor on Steve's lips. "And they say you're rude. That's bullshit."

"I know right?? I'm a fucking angel," Billy nods proudly, kisses Steve so he can feel that warm smile against his own plump lips. He revels in Steve's happiness and satisfaction; it only fuels the buzz he's been working on for the past hour.

"Yeah, my angel," Steve answers back, and they both know Billy is far from being an angel, or anything that pure really, but Steve looks at him like he is, loves him like he's worthy and beautiful, and that means something. It makes all the shitty people in Hawkins, in Indiana, in all of middle fucking America, and their endless insults worth it.

"You're such a dumbass," Billy teases before stealing another kiss. Make that #306 on the list of ways Billy says 'I love you'.

"Love you too," Steve muses, and those three words prove why it doesn't fucking matter what anyone else sees in Billy, what faults or complaints they may have, because Steve chose him and he's going to spend the rest of his life doing his best to make sure Steve never regrets it.